

# ATHLETIC AND MUSICAL FEATS OF ARMLESS EDDIE BROWN

At the attack of pneumonia that held ten-year-old Eddie Brown, of Binghamton, N. Y., in its grasp for weeks had proved fatal, humanity would have lost one of its brightest and most accomplished members. In spite of the fact that the little boy was born armless and that his ten toes have had to do for him all the little

Having no arms, from his infancy the little fellow substituted his feet for those useful members, and by the time he was five years old he was as dextrous with his toes as most children are with their hands and fingers. One of his earliest characteristics was independence, and at the age of four years it began to trouble him that his

Being used as fingers from his earliest babyhood, his toes grew strong, longer than the average human toes, and he could twist and move them with the ease of fingers. He could handle his knife, fork and spoon with great dexterity, and he gradually improved upon his table manners till he became an infant Chesterfield.

able. He plays the violin, guitar, mandolin and harp with the grace and perfection of a two-handed musical prodigy, and it is his chief delight to sit beside his mother in the evening, the light from the fireplace softening everything in the room, and bathe them both in harmony. He learns a tune by hearing it

in a buggy with all the enthusiasm of a youth. At play in the schoolyard his lack of arms has never hindered him in football or baseball, and with his feet he can throw a ball as straight and as far as the average boy can with his arms. In winter he is an expert tobogganist or sledder, and enjoys the sport. At school parties and

than other lads, for he has again and again demonstrated his ability to "take care of himself" in a rough-and-tumble fight, and the fearful force of his broad shoulders thrown against a much larger and stronger boy than he is, sends his antagonist sprawling into the gutter. He has just established telegraphic

communication with the home of Willie Foy by stretching a wire along the back yard fence. A branch wire also runs to the house of his little girl friend Gladys, who has been his playmate from babyhood. Binghamton has watched the progress of his illness with many prayers for the little fellow's recovery, for the whole city is proud of him.



services that the lively fingers of other children perform for them. Eddie Brown is the stepson of Mr. Daniel Gardiner, a compositor of Binghamton, and in spite of his physical deficiency he is one of the most accomplished lads in the public schools of New York State.

solicitous mother tried to assist him in so many ways. It made him very angry that his mother thought that he could not wash, dress and bathe himself, and he would toilsomely go through these operations all by himself till he was as skillful at them as other children are at the age of ten.

Knitted by his grandmother, his stockings had the appearance of half-mitts, leaving his toes free for motion, and his mother taught him the art of manicure, so that he would have envied his beautiful feet. His shoes were from the first made very large and of soft leather, so that

his feet never became distorted, as are those of everyone who has ever worn close-fitting modern shoes. In denying the little fellow the boon of arms and hands Nature compensated him by giving him mental gifts that are extraordinary, to say the least. His musical sense has always been remark-

able, and his ability to read and play music is far ahead of his knowledge of books and written words. He has a bass drum and can play a tenor drum in a way to make an army drummer green with envy. At the same time his lips play the flute or fifeolet. He rides a bicycle, a horse, and drives

picnics he is a favorite with the girls of his age, and is one of the most accomplished of dancers. His school desk was made especially for him, and he is a favorite with his teachers. It is characteristic of him that boys of his own age never think of treating him with more gentleness

communication with the home of Willie Foy by stretching a wire along the back yard fence. A branch wire also runs to the house of his little girl friend Gladys, who has been his playmate from babyhood. Binghamton has watched the progress of his illness with many prayers for the little fellow's recovery, for the whole city is proud of him.

## Largest Crab in the World—Weight 75 Pounds

A MARVELLOUS marine wonder in the shape of the Giant Spider Crab, the largest in America and probably in the world, whose two claws or feeding arms measure more than twelve feet and which weighed in life,

it is estimated, nearly seventy-five pounds, has just been placed on exhibition in the new Invertebrate Hall of Zoology in the American Museum of Natural History. The monster crab was captured alive

in water by fishermen off the coast of Japan about 350 feet deep, although they sometimes descend to a depth of 2,000 feet. This specimen is the largest of all crustaceans. A man can just about hold the form of the great creature in order



The Largest Crab ever taken from the Sea  
Photo from American Museum of Natural History

## Queer Things Found in New York Garbage

WHAT do you think of this for crisp, clean new money?" asked Inspector McDonough Craven, of the Garbage Disposition Division of the New York Street Cleaning Department, holding out a handful of apparently new bank bills. Mr. Craven sat at his desk in the office of Commissioner Woodbury on the fourteenth floor of the Syndicate Building on Park Row. He had taken the bills from a pile on his desk. Beside the bills lay a number of rings, some of them with sparkling gems, and others quaintly carved and showing great age. "These bills are spotlessly clean, are crisp and clearly marked," he continued, "and yet they are all old bills and have not only been in circulation, but have been thrown into garbage cans, carted off to the city dumps, and put through the steam disinfecting plant with the refuse. That is why they are so clean and new looking. "It is surprising what a lot of valuable things are found in the rubbish and garbage collected about a great city like New York. I suppose that we annually sift out tons of hairpins, for instance. The old question of what becomes of all the pins is easily answered by the men of the Street Cleaning Department. "Go down to Barren Island and watch the slaves that sort out the garbage, and you'll find all the pins that are lost in the city—that is, with the exception of those that are sent to the incinerating furnaces like the one at Forty-seventh

street and North River, and are there burned up and sent with the ashes to Riker's Island. "The street cleaners find everything from foundlings to diamond rings in the gutters and cans. The department makes three general separations in the waste collected. These are called ashes, house rubbish and garbage. "The ashes and street sweepings are carted to the river side, dumped upon scows and taken to Riker's Island for filling. The island is gradually being extended in this way into a property that will be of great value to the city. I believe that the land so made is valued at \$7,000 an acre. "The men in white suits who sweep the pavements watch constantly for valuables. They find a great deal of money in the streets. Twenty-dollar gold pieces, large rolls of bills and rings have been found. But it is only saying that the men are human to say that very little of this money thus found is ever reported. "You will remember that when Emma Eames lost a pearl necklace in front of the Grand Opera House a few years ago it was picked up during the night by a street sweeper and returned to her. "The garbage, consisting of refuse food, is taken to Barren Island, near Jamaica Bay, where it goes through a process of sterilization. The mass is first tried out for soap grease, which is sold to factories, and again reaches

the homes of New York people in the shape of delicately scented soaps for domestic use. The refuse from this trying out process is crushed and pressed into squares and dried. It is sold to fertilizer companies to be returned to the land, whence it came. The mass of garbage in one process goes through a wire screen that catches everything in the shape of metal, and here it is that thousands and thousands of hairpins are collected daily. "There are all sorts of them, from the high-priced silver and gold ornaments, used by the very rich, to the common steel and iron pins, used by the poor. Two or three times a day it is necessary to stop the machinery and clear out the hairpins and other metal. "It is here also that bills—wadded ten, twenty and one dollar bills—are sometimes found. Rings and jewels are also sometimes picked out. There is a record also of a case where one of the Italians employed about the island went to a city photographer and had tintypes taken of his family in a group. "The tintypes did not satisfy him and the photographer refused to give them to him after he heard of it. The photographer threw the whole order into the garbage pail. It found its way by the regular stages to Barren Island, where the pictures were picked out of the mass by an employee. "He recognized the photos as the group of the Italian employed on the island and handed them to him. So the workman got his pictures without having to pay for them.

to show up to advantage the mammoth outstretched limbs and mouth portion.

The crab was obtained by Professor Dean, of Columbia University, on a recent trip to Japan. The body portion is about the size of a half bushel measure, and is estimated to have contained as much meat as fifty crabs of ordinary commercial size. A young infant could easily rest and be carried along on its spacious back. Its arms are exceedingly elastic, and by them they assume a disguise in order to elude the vigilance of the other animals who attack them for prey. By their long pincers they tear off fragments of seaweed and sponges, and by the aid of a sort of stick saliva which forms in their mouths these pieces are stuck on their backs, which soon resemble a section of the ocean's bed. Owing to their slow movements, large body and long arms, which make them conspicuous, they are usually helpless victims for their enemies. Nature, however, has provided a panacea in their behalf, for when a limb has been bitten or torn off, the animal often suffers only temporary loss, as the missing appendages in a short time grow out again in their former position.

## Marquis of Anglesea's Mania for Shoes

THE most eccentric man in the world is not the English Marquis of Anglesea, but that gentleman is certainly the most eccentric wearer of fancy shoes. It is his custom to go every summer to Stockholm, in Sweden, to escape the hot weather in England. He is a multi-millionaire and his fads run to clothing. While other men waste their money in automobiles, horses and yachts, this young man spends fortunes in garments. The coming of the Marquis of Anglesea to Stockholm is the signal for the dealers in fine raiment to decorate their windows with the fancy folk costumes of Smaland, Lapland, Nordland, and even the quaint costumes of the north of Norway mountain folk, who are as little known and understood as the denizens of the heart of Africa. The Marquis lives in the Grand Hotel, where Nordica, Melba and Patti stay when they go there, and his immense suite of rooms is immediately decorated after the fashions that best suit his taste. One day his room is hung in

tapestries to represent a French court salon in the time of Louis XV., and the next the Castle of Hamlet, or King Alfred. He wears costumes himself that fit the theme of his muse, and eats his solitary dinner dressed as Lohengrin, Mephistopheles or Prince Hamlet. He carries with him to Sweden two butlers, two valets, one chambermaid and three footmen. It happens that the grandmother of the Marquis was of Swedish descent, her name being Heidenstam, and this is the reason that he leaves his Welsh home and goes there every year to dream over again the stories that she taught him of the Northland folk. One day when the Marquis intended to attend the opera in a peculiar costume, he discovered that he had no shoes. Of course he had twenty pairs of shoes, but this certain costume suited none of them to his eye, and so he drove to the most fashionable shoemaker in Stockholm and demanded a pair of patent leathers that should be

finished before night. The shoemaker promised them upon the payment of twenty dollars. The shoemaker went without his dinner, but the shoes were finished. The next day he went back and ordered twenty pairs just like them, and they must be finished in eleven days. The shoemaker promised them. And he produced them. The price was still twenty dollars a pair, and he received his money. When the Marquis returned to Sweden the next summer, he went at once to the shoemaker and ordered forty pairs, still at twenty dollars a pair. The shoes must still be finished in eleven days, for the Marquis wanted something to brag about in England and Wales. The shoes were completed, and the Marquis went his way. Last year he increased his order to sixty pairs, and demanded the same time limit of eleven days. By now the shoemaker was doing a thriving business, and though the Marquis didn't suspect it, he had soles and uppers of the shoes all ready for him, and delivered the completed footwear—one hundred and twenty pairs—in the same eleven days that was becoming customary.

## THE MYSTERY OF CARTOONIST DAVENPORT'S LITTLE FINGER

IT IS an innocent enough looking digit, somewhat bent inward at the tip. The well-known cartoonist had carried it around with him for thirty odd years, and it had ceased to be a matter of particular interest to him. But the time was coming when the neglected little finger was to assert itself; it was only the little finger, but it was the right-hand one, and all the fingers of an artist's right hand are useful and dignified members, and should be treated with respect. One night Mr. Davenport was entertaining some friends at his home. "How did you get that twist in your finger, Dave?" remarked one. "Oh, broke it when I was a kid, I suppose, playing ball or something," answered Davenport, carelessly, and there the matter would have rested, but as it happened Mr. Davenport, Sr., was present. "No," he said, "your finger was not broken. However, in fact as a child you never broke any of your limbs." "Oh, well, I suppose I was born so, then," replied the artist. "Quite the contrary," returned his father. "There is an explanation, a very simple one—which I think I will let you work out for yourself," and after some further laughing conversation the question was dropped and shortly forgotten. Forgotten, that is, by all but the cartoonist himself. For some reason the thing kept recurring to him; at first he laughed at himself and tried to put the thought of that little finger away, but it would not down; sometimes while at work he would find himself staring at it, even talking to it; asking it why it was not straight like the rest. At such times he would fall back on his old explanation, "Of course it was broken playing baseball when I was a boy and father has forgotten it," but in his heart he knew that he was only trying to deceive himself. So for several weeks things went on. It began to get on his nerves; he could not sleep, and when he did it was only to dream fantastic dreams of an innocent little finger with a crook at the tip. Even his friends began to notice the change in him. "It wasn't broken," he would say, sadly, "and it wasn't born so; then why, oh why, couldn't it have kept to the straight and narrow path like the rest of me?" After a time the question, "What made Dave's little finger crooked?" became as familiar to his friends and acquaintances as that other well-known query, "How old is Ann?" And then one morning he awoke with a start—a brilliant idea had come to him; he arose and dressed. The first train carried him to the city and before long he was back with the radiograph here reproduced. "Now," he said to his father, "I admit that you are right; the finger is not broken; it is bent. But why is it bent? I am no further ahead than before." "Well," replied Davenport, Sr., "I will explain. In this life everything—your work, environment, your least act—exerts an influence on your physical, mental and moral being. Now, had you not been born to be an artist, it is probable that your finger would have been straight to-day, but at the age of three years you commenced to draw, the pencil was heavy for your little hand, and



you contracted the habit of using your little finger as a pivot, a sort of natural mahlistick. "Naturally, the soft bones gave way to the continued pressure, with the result you see. "It is so in all things, my boy; even the smallest habit may warp us morally and mentally, even as the gentle pressure of your childish hand bent the bone of the little finger." And so the mystery was explained.